

The Old Mans VVISH.

If I live to grow old, (for I find I go down,) let this be my Fate, in a
 Country Town; Let me have a warm House, with a Stone at the
 Gate, and a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate; May I
 govern my Passion with an absolute sway, and grow wiser and
 better as my Strength wears a--way, without Gout or Stone by a
 gentle decay, By a gen-----gentle de-cay.

2.
 In a Country Town,
 by a murmuring Brook,
 The Ocean at distance
 on which I may look;
 With a spacious Plain
 without Hedge or Stile,
 And an easie Pad Nag
 to ride out a Miles;
 May I govern my passion
 with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better
 as my strength weares away,
 Without Gout or Stone,
 by a gentle decay, &c.

3.
 With a Pudding on Sunday,
 and stout humming Liquor,
 And Remnats of Latine
 to puzzle the Vicar;
 With a hidden Reserve
 of Burgundy Wine,
 To drink the Kings Health
 as oft as I Dine,
 May I govern my passion, &c.

4.
 With Plutarch, and Horace,
 and One or Two more
 Of the best Wits that liv'd
 in the Ages before.
 With a Dish of roast Mutton,
 Not Venison, nor Teal,
 And clean (tho course) Linen
 at every Meal;
 May I govern my passion, &c.

5.
 V. Courage Undaunted
 m. I pass my last day,
 And when I am Dead,
 may the better sort say,
 In the Morning when sober,
 in th'Ev'ning when mellow,
 He's gone, and has left
 not behind him his fellow.
 For he govern'd his passion
 as his strength did decay,
 And grew wiser and better
 as his strength's wore away;
 Without Gout or Stone,
 by a gentle decay, &c.